THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“ VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Continued.]

MELANGES OF LITERATURE, AND LITERARY ANECDOTES.

I comprehend under the name of *Melanges of Literature*, all the detached fragments of history, of eloquence, of morality, of criticism, and those little romances, which so often appear. We have master-pieces in all these departments. I do not ber of fine works in the belles lettres. It is true, the facility of this species of composition produces a crowd of authors; we could count four or five thousand, within the last century. But a reader acts with respect to books, as a citizen does towards men. We do not live on terms of friendship or believe that any nation can boast of so great a numfamiliarity with all our contemporaries; we make choice of a few friends. We ought not to be more alarmed at finding a hundred and fifty thousand volumes in the king's library, than at seeing seven hundred thousand persons in Paris. Works of pure literature, in which we often find agreeable matter, afford amusement to the well-bred man, relaxation to the studious man, in the interval of his labours, and maintain, in the nation, that intellectual refinement, and that delicacy, which form its character.

Do not condemn, with severity, every thing that is inferior to la Rochfoucault or la Fayette, every thing that is not as perfect as the Conspiracy of Venice, by the abbé de St. Real, as agreeable and as original, as the Conversation of Father Canaye and the marshal Hocquincourt, composed by Charleval, and to which St. Evremond has added a sequel less pleasant, and rather languid; in fine, every thing, that is not as natural, as delicate, as sprightly, as the voyage, although rather unequal, of Bachaumont and la Chapelle.

Non, si primores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent,
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces,
Stesichorique graves camenae:

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit aetas; spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Aeolii fidibus puellae.

In the exposition, that you shall make of those ingenious productions, sporting, as they do, with your readers, and strewing flowers, with those authors, of whom you shall speak, you will not adopt the severity of some critics, who wish every thing to be written in the style and taste of Cicero and Quintilian. They exclaim, that eloquence is enervated, that pure taste is gone, because a brilliant oration has been pronounced at an academy, which would not be proper at the bar. They wish that a tale should be written in the style of Bourdeloue. Will they never distinguish times, places, and persons? Do they desire that Jacob, in the *Paysau parvenu*, should express himself in the manner of Pelisson or Patru? A noble, masculine eloquence, rejecting little ornaments, is suitable to all great works. A thought, too affectedly refined, would be a blemish in the discourse of the eloquent Bossuet, upon universal history. But in a light work, in a compliment, in a piece of pleasantry, all the sprightly graces, simplicity or finesse, the most trifling ornaments, find their place. Let us examine ourselves. Do we speak of business, in the style of table talk? Books are pictures of human life; some should be solid, others pleasant.

Neglect not, in citing the ingenious traits of all these books, to designate those, which have some resemblance to them among other nations, or in our ancient authors. Few thoughts are suggested, that may not be found in Seneca, in Gratian, in Montaigne, in Bacon, in the English Spectator. To compare them together, (and in this does taste consist) is to excite authors to say, if it be possible, new things; it is to encourage emulation, the mother of the arts. What a gratification to a delicate reader, to perceive, at one view, those ideas, which Horace has expressed in negligent verses, but in words so expressive; what Boileau rendered with so much correctnes; what Dryden and Rochester have revived and embellished with the fire of their genius! These parallels resemble comparative anatomy, which gives us a knowledge of nature. Thus will you frequently shew, not only what an author has said, but what he might have said; for if you merely repeat his expressions, where is the utility of a journal?

Particular attention should be paid to literary anecdotes, respecting which the public ought to be informed, that every person may enjoy that which belongs to him. Tell the public, for example, the *chef-d'oevre d'un inconnu*, or Mathanasius, is from the pen of M. de Sallengre, and of an illustrious mathematician, perfectly versed in every kind of literature, and in whom wit and erudition are blended; finally, that it is from the pen of all those persons, who were engaged, at the Hague, in conducting the Literary Journal; and that M. de St. Hyacinthe produced the song with many remarks. But if, with this piece of pleasantry, an infamous pamphlet be connected, worthy of a member of the vilest rabble, and written, undoubtedly, by one of those corrupt Frenchmen, who migrate to foreign countries, to disgrace the belles lettres and their native country, depict the horror and the ridiculousness of this monstrous assemblage.

Be always foremost to defend good authors against the attacks of obscure Zoiluses; unravel the artifice of envy; proclaim, for example, that the enemies of our illustrious Racine procured some old forgotten pieces to be reprinted, in which they inserted more than a hundred verses of this admirable poet, for the purpose of inspiring a belief that he had purloined them. I have seen one of them, entitled ‘St. John the Baptist,’ in which an almost entire scene of ‘Berenice’ was inserted. Those wretches, blinded by passion, were insensible even to the difference of style, and imagined that we might be deceived; so absurd is the fury of jealousy.

In defending good authors against ignorance and envy, which impute bad works to them, be equally attentive to prevent the attribution, to great men, of books, in themselves, perhaps good, but to which it is attempted to give celebrity, by employing illustrious names, to which they do not belong. The abbé de St. Pierre revives a bold and difficult project, he publishes it, under the name of a dauphin of France. Shew, in decorous language, that a person ought not, without the strongest proof, to attribute such a work to a prince, born to govern.

This project of pretended universal peace, attributed to Henry IV, by the secretaries of Maximilian de Sulli, who composed his memoirs, is nowhere to be found. The Memoirs of Villeroi speak not of it; no trace of it appears in any work of that time. Add, to this silence the consideration of the state, in which Europe then was, and see whether so wise a prince as the great Henry, was capable of forming a project, whose execution was impossible.

If the famous book, under the title ‘The Political Testament of the Cardinal de Richelieu,’ be reprinted, which, I am informed, is intended, shew how doubtful it is that this minister is the author of it.

I. Because the manuscript was never seen nor known by his heirs, nor by the minister, who succeeded him.

II. Because it was printed thirty years after his death, and was not previously announced.

III. Because the editor does not even dare to mention the name of the person from whom he received the manuscript, what has become of it, in whose hands it has been deposited.

IV. Because the style is very different from that of the other works of the cardinal de Richelieu.

V. Because they give him a signature, which he did not use.

VI. Because there are many ideas and expressions in this work, unsuitable to a great minister, addressing himself to a great king. It is not probable, that so polite a man as the cardinal de Richelieu, called the maid of honour of the queen *la du Fargis*, as if he had spoken of a public woman. Is it probable that the minister of a king, who had attained his fortieth year, gave him lessons more proper for a young dauphin, who is receiving his education, than for a monarch at a mature age, on whom he was dependent?

In the first chapter, he proves that chastity is indispensable. Is a discourse of this kind proper in the mouth of a minister, who publicly kept more mistresses than his master, and who was not suspected of so much reserve with them? In the second chapter, he advances this novel proposition, that reason ought to be the rule of conduct. In another, that Spain, by giving a million a year to the Protestants, had made the Indies, which supplied this money, *tributary to hell*: an expression more worthy of a bad orator, than of a wise minister, as the cardinal was. In another, he calls the duke of Mantua ‘this poor prince.’ Finally, is it probable, that he would have related to the king certain bon mots of Bar-

true, and a hundred similar trifles, in a Political Testament?

VII. How could the author of this Political Testament make the Cardinal de Richelieu say, (in the first pages of the work) that as soon as he was called to the council, he promised the king to humble his enemies, the Hugonots, and the great men of the kingdom? Should it not have been remembered, that the Cardinal de Richelieu restored to the council by the favour of the queen-mother, was only the second in that council for more than a year, and that he was then far from having the ascendant over the mind of the king, and far from being prime minister?

VIII. It is pretended, (in the second chapter of the first book) that during five years, the king expended, in the war, sixty millions a year, which are equal to about one hundred and twenty millions of our money, and that he did this, without ceasing to pay the ordinary expenses of government, and without the aid of extraordinary supplies. And, on the contrary, (in the ninth chapter of the second part) he says, that in time of peace, about thirty-five millions a year were saved, from which it was still necessary to make a considerable deduction. Is there not an evident contradiction in these two calculations?

IX. Is it probable that the Cardinal de Richelieu called the parliaments 'sovereign courts,' and proposed, (Chap. 9. part 2.) that the taxes shall be paid to these 'sovereign courts?'

X. Is it probable that he proposed the suppression of the excise on salt? and is not this the project, rather of an idle politician, than of a great statesman?

XI. Finally, is it not incredible, that a minister, in the midst of the most vigorous war, should have entitled a chapter, 'Succinct narration of the actions of the king, until the peace?'

These are sufficient reasons for doubting that this great minister was the author of this book. I remember to have heard it said, in my childhood, by a very well informed old man, that the 'Political Testament was the work of the abbé Bourzeys, one of the first academicians, and a man of very slender talents. But I believe it is more easy to know whose book this is not, than to discover the true author. Observe the weakness of human nature. This book is admired, because it is considered as the work of a great man. Were it known to be the production of the Abbé Bourzeys, it would be no longer read. Thus doing justice to all the world, weighing every thing in an exact balance, exert your whole force particularly against calumny.

We have seen, in Holland and elsewhere, some of those periodical works, apparently intended for instruction, but in fact composed for the purpose of defamation; we have seen authors, whom cupidity and malignity have transformed into mercenary satirists, and who have publicly sold their scandalous productions, as Locusta sold poisons. Among those, who have thus disgraced literature and humanity, permit me to mention one, who, as a reward for the greatest service that one man can render to another, declared himself, during so many years, my most cruel enemy. He has publicly printed, distributed, and sold an infamous libel, which merited all the severity of the laws: he has been afterwards seen, with the same hand, which had written and distributed these calumnies, disavowing them with almost as much ignominy, as he had published them. 'I should consider myself dishonoured,' said he in his declaration delivered to the magistrates, 'I should consider myself dishonoured, if I had had the smallest participation in this libel, which is a barefaced calumny, written against a man, for whom I entertain the highest sentiments of esteem, &c.

Signed, L'Abbé DESFONTAINES.

To such miserable extremities is a person reduced, when he makes so detestable a use of the art of writing.

I have read in a book, which bears the title of Journal, that it is not astonishing that the Jesuits sometimes espouse the cause of the illustrious Wolf, because all the Jesuits are atheists.

Courageously denounce these execrable arts of injustice, and make the authors of these infamous productions feel, that public contempt and indignation will be eternally their portions.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF J. LANGHORNE.

[The author of the "Fables of Flora" has too many titles to the admiration of the friends of Genius, to be neglected in a miscellany, whose constant object is, to do justice to literary merit. We wish to attract attention to this writer, for another reason. He is the best translator of Plutarch's Lives, that has yet appeared. A very vulgar version, and, unfortunately for the interests of correct taste, a very common one in America, was published many years ago, under the abused name of Dryden. The genius of that poet was as little concerned in that vile translation, as the honesty of the literary jobbers, who caused the Greek to be *done into English*. It was wholly unworthy of the original, and a disgrace to the learning, as well as the style of the hirelings, who undertook it. They probably never had read the Greek, except in a *French* page, and their style was modelled after the 'Alsatia' pattern of Sir Roger L'Estrange. LANGHORNE has done justice to the injured Greek, and exhibited the strength and grace of a pure English style.]

Of the personal history of Langhorne, the present writer is sorry, that the information he has obtained, is so scanty, that he must give his Life to the world, much more briefly than his rank in literature and poetry deserves.

John Langhorne was born at Kirkby-Stephen, on "the banks of the Eden," in Westmoreland, as appears from Burn's "History of Westmoreland," vol. I. p. 549, his "Ode to the River Eden," and his "Stanzas to the Genius of Westmoreland," in the "Effusions of Friendship and Fancy," vol. I. let. 25. The year of his birth is not ascertained. His father was the Rev. Joseph Langhorne of Winston; who, dying when he was young, left him and his brother William, to the care of his mother, whose virtues he has commemorated in his Monody on her death, 1759.

Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.

The place of his education is unknown, nor does it appear from what seminary he obtained the academical honours, by which he was distinguished. His name is not to be found in the list of graduates either of Oxford or Cambridge.

From some circumstances which may be collected from his poems, he seems to have resided, between the years 1756 and 1758, near Studley, in Yorkshire. His "Elegy written among the Ruins of Pontefract Castle, is dated 1756, and his 'Verses, left with the Minister of Ripendon,' are dated 1758.

The first notice we find of him as an author, was in 1758, when several pieces of poetry, written by him, were inserted in "The Grand Magazine," a periodical work, published by Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review," which continued only three years.

His first publication was "The Death of Adonis, a Pastoral Elegy, from Bion," 4to, 1759; which was followed in the same year, by "The Tears of Music, a poem to the memory of Mr. Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden," 4to.

After entering into holy orders, he became tutor to the sons of Robert Cracroft, Esquire, of Hackthorne, in Lincolnshire; and published, at Lincoln, a volume of "Poems on Several Occasions," 4to, 1760, for the benefit of a gentlemen. In the preface to this volume, he says, "If any one, into whose hands this work may fall, should be dissatisfied with his purchase, let him remember that they are published for the relief of a gentleman in distress; and that he has not thrown away five shillings in the purchase of a worthless book, but contributed so much to the assistance of indigent merit. I had rather have my readers feel that pleasure, which arises from the sense of having done one virtuous deed, than all they can enjoy from the works of poetry and wit." The same year he published a "Hymn to Howe," 4to.

In 1760, he was at Clarehall, Cambridge, and wrote a poem on the accession of his present majesty, and the year following, an Ode on the Royal Nuptials, printed in the Cambridge collection of verses, and afterwards in "Solyman and Almena."

Soon after, he removed to London, engaged as a writer in the "Monthly Review," espoused the interest of Lord Bute, and became a frequent and successful publisher of various performances in prose and verse.

In 1762, he published "The Viceroy," a panegyrical poem, addressed to the Earl of Halifax, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which was followed, in the same year, by "Solyman and Almena," 12mo, an eastern tale; "Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm, 8vo;" and "The Visions of Fancy, in four elegies."

In 1763, he stood forth in defence of Scotland, so rudely attacked by Churchill, in his celebrated "Prophecy of Famine," and published "Genius and Valour, a Pastoral Poem, written in honour of a Sister-kingdom," 4to. This poem is "inscribed to the Earl of Bute, as a testimony of respect from an impartial Englishman."

In the same year, he published "The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, in several Letters to and from Select Friends," 2 vols. 12mo; "The Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, after she had taken the veil, now first published from the original manuscripts," with a dedication to Warburton, 12mo; and "The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle I. to General Crawford, written at Belvidere," near Dartford, in Kent, 4to. The second edition of the "Effusions" was published in 1766, with alterations and additions.

His connection with the "Monthly Review," and the desire he had shewn of discountenancing the prejudices of the times, and of testifying his respect for the character of Lord Bute, in his "Genius and Valour, exposed him, with Dr. Francis and Mr. Murphy, to the censure of Churchill, in the following lines of "The Candidate."

Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on *Effusion* pour away;
With *Friendship* and with *Fancy* trifle here,
Or sleep with *Pastoral* at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all with dulness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

In 1764, he published Sermons 2 vols. 12mo.

Having dedicated the "Letters of Theodosius and Constantia" to Warburton, he became known to that eminent prelate, by whose interest, it may be presumed, he was, in December, 1765, appointed assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

The same year, he published "The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia, from their first acquaintance, to the departure of Theodosius," 12mo, with a poetical dedication to Coleman; "The poetical works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author, and Observations on his Genius and Writings," 12mo; Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit," 8vo; The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle II. to William Langhorne, M. A." 4to.

His brother, to whom he inscribed this epistle, was himself a poet, and published "Job, a Poem," 4to, 1760, and "A poetical Paraphrase on some part of Isaiah," 4to, 1761. The habitudes of early affection seem to have been improved, by a similari-

ty of taste and pursuits, into a friendship of uncommon ardour and sincerity.

———Thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Allied more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!

In 1766, he published his "Poetical Works," in 2 vols. 12mo, with a poetical dedication to the Honourable Charles Yorke. This collection, included the pieces formerly printed separately, and The Fatal Prophecy, a Dramatic Poem, in five acts, written in 1765.

The same year, among other successful writers, he fell under the censure of Kelly, on account of some criticisms imputed to him, in the 'Monthly Review,' in the following harsh and illiberal invective in his 'Thespis, or Examination into the Merits of the principal Performers at Drury-Lane.' 4to.

Triumphant Dunce, illustrious Langhorne, rise,
And while whole worlds detest thee, and despise,
With rage uncommon, cruelly deny
Thy hapless muse ev'n privilege to die;
While Theodosius, basely torn from night,
Reeks, festers, stinks, and putrifies to sight,
And mad Constantia damns thy recreant name,
To drive with Flecknoe down the sink of Fame.
Say, with what charm, what magic art thou blest,
That grief or shame ne'er rankle in thy breast;
That ev'n mere instinct never points a way,
To fly from man, and refuge from the day?
Ne'er kindly tells thee of some pitying grave,
To snatch the blockhead, and to hide the slave?—
Oh! that, like Langhorne, with a blushless face,
I bore the stroke of merited disgrace,
Like him, with some fine apathy of soul,
I stood the thunder, in its mightiest roll,
Smil'd, when the bolt indignantly was hurl'd,
Or gap'd, unconscious, on a scorning world!
Then could I view, with temper in my look,
The just damnation of a favourite book;
Could see my labours, with unaching eye,
Form the grand outwork of a giblet-pye,
Pil'd in nice order, for the suburb stalls,
Or sent in carts to Clement's at St. Paul's.
Then the sharp censure, or the biting jeer,
Had fall'n, all blunted, on my nerveless ear;
And leagu'd, perhaps, with ———— I might stand,
To save or damn, at random, through the land;
To blast each work of excellence, e'er known,
And write eternal praises of my own.

About this time he obtained or purchased the valuable rectory of Blagdon in Somersetshire, and was appointed a prebendary of Wells. He was also in the commission of the peace for the county of Somerset, and distinguished himself as an active and useful magistrate.

[To be continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[*Continued from page* 325.]

Perhaps, in translating this morsel, I have yielded, without perceiving it, to the pleasure of shewing you how much Cicero honoured the art of poetry. But I had another motive to undertake the translation of this discourse, and of several other choice passages in the orations of Cicero; it is because there are scarcely any authors whose works are less known by those who understand not his language. There is no translation which is generally known. Nothing of his works is generally read but his letters, which have been well enough translated by the abbe Montgault. The version of the philippics against Cataline, by the abbe D'Olivet is very indifferent, and I have not made any use of it any more than of those which Toureil and Auger have given of Demosthenes and Eschines.

It is a pleasure to except from this condemnation, avowed by all good judges, the translation of some harangues of Cicero, forming a volume, which appeared some years ago, composed by two masters of the university of Paris, who have given proof of their modesty by taking seats among us, under the title of pupils, after having proved their talents to write and to teach, the two brothers Guéroult, who are united by a taste for the same studies, as well as by natural and civic fraternity. Their work attests an equal knowledge of the two languages, and of the oratorical style, and leaves nothing to be desired except the continuation of a labour, which will always be an honourable and precious merit with all the lovers of letters and antiquity. For myself, desiring to make known by examples the eloquence of the two greatest orators of Rome and Athens, I chose not to depend on any thing, but which the reading of them inspired, and my zeal was not arrested by the difficulty of making speak in our language, writers so superior, and particularly Cicero, whose singular elegance and inexpressible harmony cannot be preserved entire in any translation. Whatever may be wanting in mine, at least I shall derive from it this advantage, that you may easily perceive how very different is this manner of writing of the ancient, from that which unfortunately is at this day too much in fashion. There is nothing in all that you have heard which savours of research, of affectation, of swelling; nothing false, nothing strained, nothing perplexed. All is sound, all is clear, all is felt; all arises from a natural source, and flows to its object. There is nothing of that miserable pretension of writing to display wit, which, as Montesquieu has so well observed, is a very little thing. They always draw our attention to their object, and never to the efforts of the author. There are none of those multiplied flashes, resembling those of artificial fire-works, which, after having dazzled for a moment, leave nothing after them but darkness and smoke; they are the light of a fair day, which pleases the eye without fatiguing it, which enlightens without dazzling, and diffuses without exhausting itself.

If the talent of eloquence is a sword against crimes, it is also the buckler of innocence, and Cicero knew how to use it for both purposes, with the same power, and the same success. We have seen him prosecute villains; we must now see him defend faithful and courageous citizens. The two species of war, the offensive and the defensive, are often confounded together in the civil and political order of things, as in military science, and it is necessary to be equally prepared for both, when one has devoted his talents to the public cause. For the friend of virtue is necessarily the enemy of crimes, and he who shall believe himself able to divide two inseparable things, will deceive himself very much, and will misconceive of both. 'He, who hates not crimes sufficiently, has not enough of the love of virtue:' this is an axiom of morality; and there is another in politics, that 'there can be no treaty with the wicked, at least until they are absolutely out of a condition to do mischief,' until then their device is always the same. 'Whoever is not for us, is against us.' This is their principle, and their conduct is conformable to it. We may be sure that as soon as they believe themselves strong enough, they will spare the weak man, whom they despise, no more than the firm man, whom they dread. Weakness, moreover, which we must clearly distinguish from prudence: the one is the absence of power, and the other is only the measure of it. Weakness, we cannot too often repeat it, whether in public authority, or in a private character, is the greatest of all faults, and the most mortal of all dangers. Voltaire has characterised it in that verse,

A tyrant, who yields to crimes, and destroys virtues.

Tyrant, here, is a just expression: for weakness, like tyranny, annihilates the natural right of man, and takes away his faculties. Cicero, who was generally very prudent, was also sometimes weak: it is so natural and so common to have the defect which lies nearest to our good qualities! Cato and Brutus committed faults by an excess of energy, and Cicero committed others by an excess of circumspection; but Cicero at least was never weak as a public man; he was only so as an individual, accordingly his faults injured only his own glory, but those of Brutus and Cato injured the public cause. I know of but one occasion where Cicero, by a moment of pusillanimity, lost the cause of a generous citizen, one of his best friends, of Milo. If he had shewn as much firmness, as in that of Sextius, he would equally have triumphed. These two causes are now to engage our attention.

One of the most beautiful pleadings of Cicero is that which he pronounced for the tribune Sextius. We may judge whether he ought to apply himself to this defence with warmth: it was in some sense his own cause that he pleaded. He gratified, at once, two very lawful sentiments, his hatred of Clodius, the most furious of all his enemies, and his gratitude towards Sextius, one of his most ardent defenders. We must recollect, that, four years after his consulate, he experienced the fate which he had foreseen. He was obliged to yield to the faction of Clodius, supported, openly enough, by Cæsar, who wished to subdue the republican liberty of Cicero, and secretly by Pompey himself, who was jealous of the reputation and influence of the orator. He took the resolution of banishing himself, and was recalled sixteen months afterwards, with so much eclat, that it may be said, that he owed to his disgrace the fairest day of his life; but it cost blood to obtain his return. Although, at that time, all the orders of the state were united in his favour, although all the powers of Rome had declared for him, the ferocious Clodius, whom nothing could intimidate, having placed himself at the head of a troop of hireling gladiators, and of a banditti, escaped from the defeat of Cataline, laid siege to the Forum, and pretended, by open force, to hinder the tribunes from convoking the assembly of the people, in which the recal of Cicero was to be proposed. Milo and Sextius, seeing that it was absolutely necessary to repel force by force, arranged themselves for defence, and presently the streets of Rome and the public places became the theatre of carnage. In one of these tumultuous rencounters, Sextius was left for dead, and the brother of Cicero run a risk of his life. You may judge, from this, what species of anarchical disorder had been introduced into Rome since the wars of Marius and Sylla, and imposed, from time to time, silence on the laws. I will point out, presently, the cause, when I speak of the prosecution of Milo. But we may observe, in this place, that these bloody quarrels resembled in nothing those horrors of the first days of September, which, among so many inconceivable circumstances, offer nothing more extraordinary than their long impunity. You see that this Clodius was at least a brave villain, marching at the head of a banditti, determined like him, accustomed to the sword and to battles, who hazarded every thing in daring every thing, attacked with arms in their hands other armed men, and exposed their lives in menacing that of another. The domestic asylum was never violated; the sex, infancy, old age, were not even insulted

Clodius hired old soldiers become robbers, gladiators degenerated into assassins, but he never thought of setting in motion a battalion of women, to proclaim massacre and pillage in the name of Liberty; he had not recourse to this cowardly expedient, to the end that the repressive force, feeling for the weakness of the sex, even in those who had lost all their rights, by abjuring them, might permit disorder and revolt to increase and grow bolder, and to attempt, without danger, all that they might be able to achieve. When the laws are without power, the worst species of miscreants are not those who can brave every thing; they are those who blush at nothing. But, also, they are the most easy to repress as soon as the law reassumes its sword. Those who boast of having fatigued their arms, with slaughtering unfortunate men, without defence, will never cross the sword against the sword, and those who are capable of drinking blood, will never risk their own, or rather it is not blood which is in their veins, it is only mud. As soon as the public force designates and surrounds them, it has no occasion to strike them, and death ought not to reach them but upon the scaffold.

[*To be continued.*]

[From a British Essayist.]

ON THE PROPRIETY OF TRYING DUNCES IN SOME ART, UNCONNECTED WITH LETTERS.

I have introduced an instance from the clerical profession, principally, because parents, by a most perverse way of thinking, usually bring up a boy to the church, whom they consider as scarcely fit for any thing. It is also certain, that dunces, educated for law and physic, when they find themselves unsuccessful at the bar and the bedside, seek an asylum in the pulpit. From both these circumstances, it happens, that the church is complimented with those, whom the world is supposed to throw aside, as refuse. The temple is thus converted into an hospital for incurables.

Dunces at school are, however, by no means to be considered as refuse, though I must contend that they ought not to be particularly consecrated to the service of the altar. No boy, who does not shew some taste for the belles lettres, for oratory, poetry, and history, should be brought up to that, or to any of the learned and liberal professions.

But some boys, who are dull in the belles lettres, who never could read or relish the classics, have a turn for mathematics, and all the arts which depend on mechanical contrivance. A reputed dunce should be tried in these studies, before he is given up as incorrigible. I have been told of a very able man, who, when a boy, displayed no symptoms of parts, till he was tried in Euclid's Elements. They struck him with delight; he studied them with eagerness, grew fond of application, and gradually rose to high eminence as a polite artist.

Others, who make no progress in their books, have a taste for music and drawing. These, indeed, will seldom be sufficient to qualify for employments, by which life is to be supported, or a fortune acquired; but, when a dull boy in books, appears to be ingenious in these arts, he ought to be allowed to cultivate them, at least as amusements, in order to rescue himself from the imputation of a total want of ability.

It should be considered, too, before a boy, who makes little improvement in the classics, is despaired of, that the parts of different boys display themselves at different periods. Many of those, who produce fruit of the most durable kind, do not blossom till late in the season.

But yet there are some, who shew such symptoms of insuperable stupidity in learning, that after a reasonable trial, the limitations of which must be left to the parent's discretion, they ought, as their happiness is valued, to be led to other pursuits, in which activity of body is chiefly required.

I have said, that the time of trial should be determined by the parent, for few masters will venture to speak unwelcome truth to their employer, especially on a tender subject, which may affect the whole life of their pupil, and perhaps draw down his bitterest resentment upon them at a more efficient age. The office of deciding whether or not a young man shall proceed in a way of life, pointed out by prudence and by parental authority, is too important to be imposed on a common master. The compensation he usually receives is not sufficient, and the connexion is not close enough, to justify the parent in throwing the odium and the burden upon him. The parent himself, after accurate observation, and the opinion of the master, should remove the boy; but not subject him to the mortification and disgrace of being avowedly removed, because he was a dunce. Some prudential reason should be assigned to justify the change of plan, and to save the character of the boy. To punish him for the defects of his nature would be savage cruelty. And here I cannot but observe, that the practice of beating dunces, to make them scholars, is at once egregious folly, and abominable brutality.

Dunces in books often possess an animal vivacity in the affairs and intercourse of common life, which causes vulgar people, both high and low, to consider them as clever. Indeed, as the whole of their attention is devoted to the body, and to present and palpable objects, they sometimes excel greatly in all bodily exercises and accomplishments, and in every mode and degree of Chesterfieldian grace. External ceremony, dress, and address, are just level to the understanding of a dunce. The worst Latins and Grecians shine the brightest in the fencing and dancing school. And it is an astonishing circumstance, that blockheads in books, shew wonderful acuteness and memory in all the fashionable games of chance. Add to this that they are fond of the small-talk of the day; so that, with all these recommendations, they are usually received in fashionable circles, as very clever and agreeable fellows.

The army and the navy (I hope the rough compliment will be excused) are the proper spheres for those who are thus furnished with bodily activity, but, at the same time, deficient in that kind of parts, which are necessary to make a valuable proficiency in polite literature. Dunces not being troubled with any of those fine sensibilities, which form the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, have, in the room of them, a bluntness and callosity, which contribute much to animal courage. Though rejected from the schools of learning, they may shine in the boxing schools, become heroes of the fist, and obtain, by muscular exertion, patronage and popularity. They have usually a strong constitution, unimpaired by thought and sedentary employment, and may therefore bear the hardships of a marine life and a military campaign, better than the choicest spirits which nature has formed of finer clay.*

Dunces are also peculiarly sensible of the value of money. It is a good, which they can feel and understand perfectly, while they are insensible to the subtle charms of intellectual beauty. They, therefore, seem to be intended by Providence for trade or manufactures. They may shine in the shop, though they disgraced the school, and in time may deride, as they count their stores, the poverty of science and philosophy. I never heard that a man failed of arriving at the dignity of a lord mayor, through lack of clergy. Thousands would have worn regimentals, walked the quarter-deck, or stood behind the counter, with eclat, who, as divines, physicians, and lawyers, lived uneasy, unhonoured, and unsuccessful.

Agriculture is a very proper employment for boys, who shew no abilities for the cultivation of science. It is a natural and reputable occupation; and I cannot but regret, that many boys of dull parts, but of good estates, are not brought up to farming their own lands, instead of being thrust violently into schools, inns of court, and universities. Their health and their fortunes would be improved in their patrimonial fields, but in the land of learning, they plow and sow with great labour and expense, and never reap the harvest,* either of profit, honour, or internal satisfaction.

REMARKS ON THE THEATRES.

[From Goldsmith.]

Our theatres are now opened, and all Grub-street is preparing its advice to the managers; we shall undoubtedly hear learned disquistions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes, and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told that Garrick is a fine actor, but then, as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Holland likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall then have them giving Shuter instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated majesty, at Covent-Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a shew of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players, infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures, by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company, and in every coffee house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling, than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may shew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment. We scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool, in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund

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* Meliore luto finxit praecordia.

* Littus sterili yersamus aratro. Juv.

of humour in the face, without a mask; one actor particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately upon representation we could not avoid being pleased with. To illustrate what I have been saying, by the plays I have of late gone to see; in the Miser, which was played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in a most ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat pocket, with great assiduity. Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the socket; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. The Mock Doctor was lately played at the other house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to shew away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those who he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital; but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy, to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity, that could not fail of applause. But instead of this, we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but strut and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiae of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe, with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death-scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet, of bloody work, at Drury-lane. Our little pages also, with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our aukward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not to roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scruplously observed elsewhere, and for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive a hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste, will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress, that might act the wapping landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young and beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own, I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or mis-shapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the aukward appearance of new-raised troops; but, in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

LEVITY.

The national morality implicated in Female dress.

[From a British Paper.]

While the public mind is agitated by speculations concerning peace or war, my intention is occupied by a subject of far deeper importance. The stormy cloud which now threatens us may blow over, but there is a destructive pestilence among us, which I fear it will be impossible ever to check. After the eloquent speeches of some reverend prelates in the House of Lords a year or two ago, it would surely be superfluous in me to prove the dependance of national morality upon female dress. Well, Sir, what has been the effects of all the sermons, dissertations, essays, and paragraphs that have been written against vestimentary errors and offences? Have stays been resumed? Have ten-inch tuckers become fashionable? Have petticoats been lengthened? But we have no longer any right to put these questions. Our own sex, in effeminacy, exceeds the indecency of the the other. Do we not every day even hear of Bond Street loungers blanching their hands with cosmetics, and embrowning their cheeks with walnut-juice? Is not Juvenal's descriptions of the Roman youth strictly applicable to us?

> Ille supercilium madidâ fuligine tinctum,
> Obliquâ producit acu; pingitque trementes
> Attollens oculos.

And might not the ladies, with the spirited Laronia, reply to all our reproaches,

> De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur!
> Dat veniam corvis: vexat censura columbas.
> ——————————Non erit ullum
> Exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu?

The evil is certainly beyond all ordinary means of cure. The divine, the philosopher, the wit, and the physician will exert themselves in vain. Many wish to "cover the naked," but the naked will not be covered. Still we must not give ourselves up to despair. Let us make one grand effort in behalf of civilized society; and, if it should go to pieces, having a good conscience, we will remain undaunted amidst its ruins.

Sir, I propose instantly to call in the interference of the legislature. Instead of passing penal acts against crim. con. how much better to crush it in its birth? Why was Mons, together with all the towns in Austrian Flanders, taken so easily by the French; Because the Emperor Joseph had dismantled their fortifications.—Let its proper defences be restored to Virtue by authority of Parliament, and it will become unassailable.

But this plan, though feasible, will be attended, in its execution, with innumerable difficulties. I do not allude to the opposition the bill would meet with in the two houses, although I am a little afraid of female influence. Few M. P's obey the instructions of their constituents I imagine there are a few who are not at liberty to shew equal contempt for the representations of their wives and daughters. Peeresses, by our constitution, have not a seat in the house of lords, yet there are probably not many, either dukes or marquisses, or earls or viscounts, or barons, who are not fully convinced that they have a *voice*. But, supposing the utmost unanimity to prevail in both chambers, and that our gracious sovereign would be ready to sanction any measures for the good of his female subjects, I scarcely see how it would be possible to proceed with effect. Must there be a particular act, regulating every piece of dress, with a schedule annexed? In three years the size of the statute-book would be doubled. Instead of the progress of money bills, road bills, and divorce bills, we should read in the newspapers of nothing but of the Fichu Bill being committed; the Landau Bill being reported; the Smock Bill being sent to the Lords; and of the following having gone through their respective stages: the Petticoat Lengthening Bill; the Jumps Stiffening Bill; the Two-inch Waist Elongation Bill; the Bill to prohibit the use of flesh-coloured stockings, &c. However beneficial their consequence might be, I know not if it would be altogether consistent with the dignity of Parliament to spend a week debating bills with such a preamble as this:

An. Quad. Ter. Geo. III.
A Bill, &c.

'Whereas an evil practice hath lately grown up among divers giddy girls, to cock their bonnets, not upon the middle of their heads, as was used of old time, as is decent and seemly, but upon the side thereof; whereby it cometh to pass that one of their ears is un-covered, discovered, and laid bare, while the other lies hid, concealed, and out of sight: And whereas this sight doth greatly disturb his majesty's liege subjects of all degrees, ranks, and employments: Be it enacted, by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after, &c. &c.'

The House of Commons would not have a moment to spare for the discussion of treaties of peace, or for the impeachment of ministers. Princes may defraud, and have punishments ordained for them. But how is it possible to foresee, or to prevent, the ramifications of folly? Every rout, every ball, every packet from France, will render necessary a new bill of pains and penalties. And you are not to suppose that these are to be hurried through the House like a bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; a bill to strangle political discussion. Women are not thus to be deprived of their prescriptive right to arrange their ribands, and to adjust their handkerchiefs, as to them seems good. Due notice must be given to all concerned; petitions must be received; counsel must be heard; milliners, mantua-makers, and perfumers must be examined at the bar. Although the bills should be infinitely better drawn than those by Messrs. ——— and ———, and though they should be submitted to the Blue Stocking Club, instead of the twelve Judges, yet, in legislating upon such new, strange, and uncouth subjects, what ambiguities and obscurities would necessarily arise? It might be necessary to bring in seven bills, during the same session, to explain, amend, and render more effectual an act regu-

lating the form, suspension, and lawful purposes of the ridicule.

Besides, sir, the question must at once occur—supposing this code of fashionable law framed with the wisdom of a Solon, how is it to be executed? Shall the process be by indictment? Having Burn by me, I must furnish a precedent: '*Middlesex to wit*,—The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oaths, present that —— ——, spinster, commonly called lady G——, not having, &c. but on the 27th day of April, in the forty-second year of, &c. &c. did at a congregation of loose and disorderly persons, named a rout, held in Portman Square, in the county aforesaid, craftily intending to steal men's hearts, and to burn their livers, then and there appear, with her, &c. &c. to the evil example of others in the like case offending, against the peace of our said Lord the now King, his crown and dignity, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided.'

But, sir, how is it to be tried? Lord Kenyon, I am sure, would not have ventured to direct a jury upon such points! and, deeply as his worthy successor is read in statutes and reports, I scarcely think he would presume to decide upon the cut of a sleeve, or the position of a zone. The sheriff might be directed to return a jury of elegantes; but this would be making them judges in their own cause. There would be no such thing as impartiality or justice in such a tribunal, even though ancient virgins were excluded. Suppose that Lady Elizabeth C, Lady Charlotte S, the honourable Miss V, the Countess of P, and her Grace of ——, were sworn 'well and truly to try, and a true deliverance make, between our Sovereign Lord the King, and the beautiful Mrs. P.' whom they all envy and detest, can charity suppose that they would remember their oaths?

Tantæ cœlestibus iræ?

Although our researches have hitherto been so unsuccessful, I assure you, sir, that I have a plan in contemplation, free from every possible objection, and calculated to produce the most salutary consequences. This I shall fully detail to you the moment that the present preliminary article appears in the Morning Chronicle. As you are a steady supporter of morals, I cannot doubt that you will give it a place, however dull you may think it.

Yours,

MISOGYMNOTAS.

SKETCH OF JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1761, Doctor Beattie published an octavo volume of original poems and translations: and, in 1766, 'the Judgment of Paris,' a poem, in quarto. The first book of his highly celebrated poem, 'The Minstrel,' was published, in quarto, in the year 1770, and about three years afterward, the second book made its appearance. The elegance and feeling which characterise this poem, written in imitation of the stanza of Spenser, have been too generally acknowledged, to stand in need of our panegyric. His beautiful song, called the Hermit: the Cave of Pope, and other poems, have also obtained him distinguished applause.

Not satisfied with wearing the poet's wreath, Dr. Beattie entered the lists with the celebrated Mr. David Hume, in an essay on the Immutability of Truth. This performance was very favourably received by the clergy; was answered by Doctor Priestly, and particularly recommended its author to the friendship and esteem of Doctor PORTEUS, the present Bishop of London. In 1776, he published a quarto volume of Essays on Truth, Poetry, Music, &c. and, in 1784, a quarto volume of Dissertations Moral and Critical. His subsequent publications have been 'Evidences of the Christian Religion briefly stated,' in two small octavo volumes, which were drawn up at the particular request of Doctor Porteus: a volume on the Theory of Language: and, Elements of moral Science, in two volumes, octavo. Doctor Beattie not long ago experienced a severe calamity, in the death of his son, a young gentleman of brilliant talents and promising genius. The doctor printed some memoirs of his life, for the purpose of distributing them among his numerous acquaintance, but not with a view to general circulation.

SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES BERESFORD,

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. A gentleman whose talents and learning are of the highest promise and excellence. He contributed several exquisite papers to the Looker-on, a periodical publication: with the ingenious author of which he is in habits of strict intimacy: among these contributions, the humorous imitation of Boswell's life of Johnson is singularly excellent. In the year 1794, Mr. Beresford published by subscription, in one volume, quarto, 'A Translation of Virgil's Æneid,' in blank verse. Altho' this volume had the advantage of being introduced to the world under the patronage and applause of its celebrated censor, the Reverend Simon Olivebranch, the elegance of whose taste, and the excellence of whose critical sagacity, confer the greatest consequence upon his nod, it has not gone so far, as might justly have been expected, toward establishing the reputation of its author. A hasty, beggarly, criticism was passed upon it in the Monthly Review: a circumstance which we are sorry to remark concerning a work of so much general candour. The following characteristic sentences upon this translation, from the pen of Mr. Roberts, are by no means the effusions of the partiality of his friendship. 'He has adhered to the sense of his author with a remarkable scrupulosity, to which, however, he has made no sacrifice of ease or perspicuity. If you read it with an eye to the original, you are delighted with his precision; if you read it for itself, you forget it is a translation. It is a modern structure, built with Roman brick and Roman cement, and such as gave such unperishing strength to their ancient castles.' We shall only add to these remarks, that the indifferent estimation in which this laborious undertaking has been held, is by no means an honourable testimony to the general taste or critical discernment of the age in which we live. In 1796, Mr. Beresford published 'The Knights of the Swan,' or the Court of Charlemagne: an historical and moral tale, translated from the French of Madame de Genlis, in three volumes, duodecimo.

SKETCH OF JOHN BOWLES, ESQ.

Barrister at law, and an eminent political writer. He was one of the first writers, and one of those most successful, in exposing Paine's *Rights of Man:* his pamphlet, entitled A Protest against that publication, was received with uncommon applause. The society, who, at that time, met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern for the protection of liberty and property against republicans and levellers, ordered it to be printed, and sold at a very low price, for the purpose of extending its circulation among the lower classes. At the commencement of the war with France, Mr. Bowles published a spirited and ingenious pamphlet, entitled, 'The real grounds of the present war with France, considered,' which was very favourably received. He has since written 'Considerations on the respective Rights of Judge and Jury;' two Letters to Mr. Fox, occasioned by his motion respecting libels; a short Answer to the Declaration of the persons calling themselves the Friends of the Liberty of the Press, published in 1793; the real Grounds of the War with France; and Dialogues on the Rights of Britons, between a Farmer, a Sailor, and a Manufacturer, both likewise published in that year; Reflections submitted to the consideration of the combined powers; and farther Reflections, both published in the year following: Thoughts on the origin and formation of political constitutions, published in 1795; and, since that time, three Letters to a British Merchant, containing reflections on the foreign and domestic politics of Great Britain, together with strictures on the conduct of opposition.

SKETCH OF THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

A gentleman of most eminent poetical talents. He was educated at the school of Christ's Hospital, and afterward became a member and fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1789, he published his exquisitely elegant sonnets: at first under the title of 'Fourteen Sonnets, elegiac and descriptive,' without the author's name. But to a second edition, published in the same year, he prefixed his name, and added seven other 'little poems,' of the same kind. He is also author of Verses to Mr. Howard; the Grave of Howard; Verses on the Philanthropic Society; a Monody, written at Matlock; and Elegiac Stanzas, written, during sickness, at Bath. A most elegant edition of his 'Sonnets and other Poems,' was printed at Bath, in 1796. The poetry of Mr. Bowles is exquisitely pathetic, and perfectly original. He possesses the power of awakening the finer feelings to a degree of even painful sensibility. Next to pathos, dignified simplicity appears to be the leading feature of his work.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Extract from the Monthly Magazine for September, 1804.

EDUCATION.

The Reverend Mr. Abercrombie's 'Two Compends for the Use of the Philadelphia Academy: 1. of Elocution, 2. of Natural History,' are executed in a manner, which reflects credit on the writer. Mr. Abercrombie has for some time past been engaged as the instructor of youth, and in that capacity has the reputation of having acquitted himself in a very useful and honourable manner. In prosecution of the plan of Education which he has thought proper to adopt, the Compendiums now referred to were written. In the endeavor to reduce the subjects, treated of, to a concise, systematic order, Mr. Abercrombie has availed himself of what has been written on these subjects by many excellent writers, without, however, yielding the right of thinking for himself, or forfeiting the claim to a considerable degree of originality.

The following analysis of GRAY'S Elegy, which has often been said to be without a plan, was sketched by the late Mr. Scott, of Amwell.

The poet very graphically describes the process of a calm evening, in which he introduces himself wandering near a country church yard. From the sight of the place, he takes occasion, by a few natural and simple, but important circumstances, to characterize the life of a peasant; and observes, that it need not be disdained by ambition or grandeur, whose most distinguished superiorities must all terminate in the grave. He then proceeds to intimate, that it was not from any natural inequality of abilities, but from want of

acquired advantages, as riches, knowledge, &c. that the humbler race, whose place of interment he was surveying, did not rank with the most celebrated of their contemporaries. The same impediment, however, which obstructed their course to greatness, he thinks, also, to have precluded their progress in vice; and, consequently, that what was lost in one respect, was gained in the other. From this reflection, he, not unnaturally, proceeds, to remark, on that universality of regard, for the deceased, which produces, even for these humble villagers, a commemoration of their past existence. Then, turning his attention to himself, he indulges the idea of his being commemorated, in the same manner, and introduces an epitaph, which, he supposes, to be employed, on the occasion.

—

Mark how the bashful Morn in vain
Courts the amorous Marigold,
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.

But, when the Planet of the day
Approacheth, with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy,
If thy sighs and tears discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.

But, when, with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms,
With open ears, and with unfolded arms

—

SONG.

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art.
Farewel, Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last,
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
Calm, to think on sorrows past.
Farewel, Bessy.

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
Mayn't be always sought in vain,
And the moment of possessing,
Will it not, love, repay our pain?
Farewel, Bessy.

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which, I fear, is not for me.
Farewel, Bessy.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom,
Can it, dearest, must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He forever loses thee.
Farewel, Bessy. [MOORE.

—

Horace, Ode XX. book 1. imitated by W. Boscawen, and addressed to Henry Grgeg, Esq.

Plain, humble port is all you'll meet,
With me, dear Gregg, in Baker street:
I safely stow'd it there,
The very week, your gentle bride,
To crown your wish, and please your pride,
Gave you a son and heir.

I think I hear the welcome sound
Quick from the enraptur'd nurse rebound,
And spread a general joy.
The house maid, butler, footman, cook,
Repeating, with delighted look,
"My mistress has a boy!"

Your claret, I allow, is fine,
Madeira, that has cross'd the line,
Your ample means afford:
But, since no wealthy bank I share,
Partake a younger brother's fare,
Where Welcome crowns the board.

SONG.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flower beneath her bosom lay;
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flower, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by Slumber's wing,
Never felt what love was doing—
Never dream'd of such a thing!

—

There's something in women their lovers engage
Of whatever complexion or stature or age;
And she, who would frighten a mere stander by
Is a Venus herself, in the fond lover's eye.

If She's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pigmy, how neat is her air and her mien;
If a steeple she's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune says—World hold your tongue.

In short, to dear woman 'twas given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to teaze,
To perplex, to torment and a thousand things more
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

—

Mr. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, has completed his preparation for a new edition of Massinger. A very accurate collation has been made of the early editions, which abundantly prove, that the text is exhibited in a most corrupt and mutilated state in the publications of Coxeter and Monck Mason. Mr. Gifford has accompanied each piece with notes, critical and illustrative; and subjoined to each play, a critique on its merits and defects. Mr. Malone has communicated a curious and copious fragment of an unpublished play of Massinger.—It is only a fragment, for the bottom of each page of the manuscript is mouldered away by length of time.
Lon. Mag.

—

Addressed to a Lady who said she had never known a Woman, to whom the ensuing panegyric would apply;

"Reserve with frankness, Art with truth allied;
"Courage with softness, Modesty with Pride!

And who, you ask, can claim so high-wrought praise?
Whose brows can justly bear so blooming bays?
Where do such sense and sweetness so combine,
So softly mingle and so brightly shine?
Ah! You alone may vainly hope to find
The happy mansion of so blest a mind.
So Eve, when roving though Edenian bowers,
Through lofty groves, and paths bestrew'd with flowers,
Ere yet the polish'd mirror's glassy glare
Had learn'd the echo flattery to the fair,
Unheeding whither chance might bid her stray,
To the smooth streamlet shap'd her careless way;
O'er the broad mirror bent with native grace,
And saw a faultless form and charming face,
View'd the fair transcript, where each beauty shone,
Nor knew the heavenly image was HER OWN!

—

A BALLAD*.

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand;
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it is fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
And each little flowret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee! [*Moore.*

—

Sir John Harrington, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was a poet of great Pleasantry and humour, whose wit was not his business, but his diversion. The following is a specimen of his Epigrams.

OF LYNUS, BORROWING.

Lynus came late to me Six crowns to borrow
And sware, G—d d—n him he'd repayt to morrow
I Knew his word, as current as his bond,
And straight I gave to him *Three* crowns in hand;
This I to give, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gain'd, and I sav'd *fifteen shilling!*
In Cornutum.
What curl'd pate youth is he that sitteth there
So near thy wife, and whispers in her ear,
And takes her hand in his, and soft doth wring her
Sliding his ring still up and down her finger?
Sir, 'tis a Proctor, seen in both the Laws,
Retained by her in Some important cause;
Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action
And doth her business with great Satisfaction.
And thinkst thou so? a Horn plague on thy head,
And thou so like a fool and wittol led
To think he doth the business of thy wife?
He doth thy business I dare lay my life.

—

OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, Men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

—

OF PLAIN DEALING

My writings oft displease you: what's the matter?
You love not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

—

AGAINST A FOOLISH SATIRIST.

I read that Satire thou intitlest *first*,
And laid aside the rest and overpast,
And sware I thought the author was accurst,
That, the first satire had not been his *last*,

—

AGAINST FAUSTUS.

In scorn of writers, Faustus still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath been said of old;
Well, Faustus, say my wits are gross and dull,
If for that word I give thee not a Gull:
Thus then I prove thou holdst a false position;
I say thou art a man of fair condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high descent and left good store of lands;
Thou with false dice and cards hast never play'd,
Corrupted never widow, wife, or maid,
And, as for swearing, none in all this realm,
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your virtues are so rare and ample,
For all our Song thou mayst be made a sample
This, I dare swear, *none ever said before*,
This, I may swear, *none ever will say more.*

—

In Orihuela a Spanish city of note, perpetual fertility is secured by judicious irrigation. There is a Spanish proverb which very quaintly alludes to this circumstance. *Sive Uove, aytrigo en Orchuela y si no Uove, aytrigo in Orihuela.* "If it rains there is plenty of wheat in Orihuela, and if it does not rain, there is still plenty of wheat in Orihuela.

—

TO A SLEEPING MAID.

Wake, my life! thy lover's arms
Are twin'd around thy sleeping charms:
Wake, my love, and let desire
Kindle those opening orbs of fire.

Yet, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
If the guilt, the shame affright thee,
Still those orbs in darkness keep;
Sleep, my girl, or *seem to sleep.*
Moore.

* This ballad was probably suggested by the following epigram in Martial:

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas. *Epig. xc. Lib. ii.*
E.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines accompanying those from the words *'Tis finish'd!* which appeared in a former number of this paper.

TO MYRA.

Thou bid'st the lyre awake—the lyre obeys:
The soft persuasion of thy smile,
Thy glance of fire,
And Pity's pensive mein the while,
Wake from the sleeping chord obedient lays.
The meanest of the Muse's choir,
Rapt by thy beauty's vivid power,
Sweeps the bold string, and raves his little hour.
So Memnon's fabled harp of old,
Touch'd by Aurora's infant ray,
That kiss'd its strings of conscious gold,
Impassion'd quiv'ring to the day,
E'en the grey shadows fled the dew-bright plain,
Breath'd to the kindling pow'r a votive strain.
By *thee* inspir'd, advent'rous now no more,
He safely swells the sail, and quits the shore;
Sings, unappall'd, of heav'n's prolific doom
O'er sinking worlds, and earth's eternal tomb.
A saviour thunders from his throne of death,
And shaking nations with a single breath;
Calls from the womb of night
The long enthroned shade,
Bids her dark confines shudder at the light,
And wakes to hope and joy the ruin she had made.
Sings too of majesty at nature's birth,
Divinely smiling o'er a smiling earth;
O'er countless worlds extending his survey,
And leading new-born empires into day.
And, Oh! like him, should'st thou propitious smile
On the rude offspring of the Muse's toil;
Warm should th' impassion'd strain ascend,
And list'ning angels o'er its raptures bend;
Love from thy voice to string their harps anew,
Or drop their golden harps to gaze on you.

LODINUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM CATULLUS.

My Lesbia, let us live and love
Nor heed the voice of churlish Age,
Which censures the delights we prove,
And spends itself in empty rage.
Suns, sunk beneath the western main,
In equal splendors rise again:
But vanish'd once our transient light,
Eternal slumber seals the night.—
Give me a thousand kisses, charmer,
And after them, a hundred warmer,
A thousand, and a hundred yet,
With thousands, hundreds, full as sweet:
And then, lest we should count them o'er,
We'll mingle all with thousands more,
Or lest some, envious of our blisses,
Should know how many were our kisses.

ROWLAND.

SELECTED POETRY.

WINTER—AN ODE.

Once more the sire of storms his cloudy tent
Has pitch'd upon our northern hemisphere,
And, from his shadowy seat,
Forc'd Autumn to retire.

The feeble race of flow'rs have breath'd their last,
And sad, and solemn, sounds the frequent knell
Of rural beauty gone,
Of rural pleasure lost!

Waving his ebon wand, the sullen pow'r
Calls forth from their dark cells the chilling train
Of foul, unwholesome fogs,
And glooms of hideous hue.

To light her chariot on its dreary way,
Night now needs all her lamps, save when the moon
Pours from her silver urn
The radiant flood around.

The curtain that enclos'd morn's rosy couch
No more its gay embroider'd folds displays,
As from it she descends
To greet the rising sun.

Eve, like a mourner, muffled in her weeds,
Beside the tomb of one she dearly lov'd,
Eyes the dull scene awhile—
Then, with a sigh, departs.

Faint Nature falls a prey to atrophy;
And all her living tribes seem sorrowful,
Their common parent, thus
Declining, to behold.

But, those, to whom the God, who governs all,
Gave intellectual light, to see and judge,
They know that, by and by,
Her health will be restor'd.

They know that, by and by, the breath of Spring,
With renovated vigor, shall inspire
Her faded form again,
And deck it with new charms.

BALLAD.

A woman grown, with sparkling eyes,
High health and easy carriage,
Doll felt her anxious bosom rise,
While something whisper'd marriage.
But, ere she leap'd, took, to her praise,
This maxim from her mother,
Ne'er wed, dear girl, while Reason says
One thing, and Love another.

This golden rule to guard her heart,
She went to see her cousins,
Where many a fop came round and smart,
Till Doll had counted dozens;
But still the more the timorous maid
Was teaz'd with all this pother,
She found grave Reason one thing said,
And sprightly Love another.

I've lov'd you long, cried out a smart,
For weeks and months I've watch'd you,
You, and you only, have my heart,
Cried Doll, I've fairly catch'd you:
I've left, good sir, but three short days,
My native place and mother,
Who truly told that Reason says
One thing, and Love another.

In this short time I've look'd around
Those things I fancied real,
On close inspection, I have found
Illusive and ideal;
I've heard false vows, I've seen mean pride,
I've known vice virtue smother;
Wise Reason taking still one side,
And silly Love another.

This having seen, I'll hie me home,
By Prudence now grown wiser;
And, while I vow no more to roam,
Hoard wisdom like a miser,
Wed honest Ned, who loves me well,
With glad consent of mother,
So shall no longer Reason tell
One tale, and Love another.

BALLAD.

Celia eighteen her next birth-day,
Accomplish'd at her fingers ends,
Had read, could sing, and dance, and play,
And scandalize her dearest friends;
Secure she never should grow old,
For looking-glasses all tell truth,
And she had by her glass been told
She should enjoy perpetual youth.

Lovers in shoals came to her net,
Not one her fickle mind could guess;
She'd giggle, simper, and coquet,
And love, but never would say yes.
For love brings wedlock, wedlock strife,
Not always, but too oft, a truth;
And Celia thought to be a wife
Would not ensure perpetual youth.

Her faithful mirror now grew rude,
Told her her features were decay'd,
That the coquet would turn a prude,
And youthful Celia an old maid.
She curs'd the glass, and curs'd the hour
She falsely thought it told her truth;
'Teach me, she cried, some pitying power,
How to obtain perpetual youth.'

'Hold, cried a sprite, she now saw pass,
I come to tell you what's amiss,
You had from Vanity that glass,
And now from Reason's hand take this;
It tells you in life's varying day
Faces are frail, minds fix'd like truth,
That charms are transient, and decay,
That sweetness is perpetual youth.

That Reason's morn is Beauty's eve,
That of the dimpled smiles supply,
When loss of teeth the lips bereave,
With smiles the mind adorns the eye.
Thus females shall the men adore,
While blest with gentleness and truth,
For whether twenty or fourscore,
Good nature is perpetual youth.'

SONG.

I am a Friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way;
I pull not blackberry haw, nor hip,
Good store of venison fills my scrip.
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I walk, no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or 'squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of warden pye.
I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin,
With old sack-wine I'm lin'd within;
A cheeruping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding, dong.
What baron, or 'squire, &c.

THE TRAITOR'S EPITAPH.

May this dreary abode be forever unknown,
Forever by Virtue, by Pity untrod;
Unbreath'd be his name, and unhonour'd his stone—
The foe of his country, his monarch, his God.

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